The TATLER.

By *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* Eſq;

——Nullis Amor eſt medicabilis Herbis.

From *Tueſday July* 19. to *Thurſday July* 21. 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, July 19.

THIS Day, paſſing through *Covent-Garden*, I was ſtopp'd in the Piazza by *Pacolet*, to obſerve what he call'd the Triumph of Love and Youth. I turn'd to the Object he pointed at; and there I ſaw a gay gilt Chariot drawn by freſh prancing Horſes; the Coachman with a new Cockade, and the Lacqueys with Inſolence and Plenty in their Countenances. I ask'd immediately, What young Heir or Lover own'd that glittering Equipage? But my Companion interrupted: Do not you ſee there the mourning *Æſculapius*? The Mourning! ſaid I. Yes *Iſaac*, ſaid *Pacolet*, He is in deep Mourning, and is the languiſhing hopeleſs Lover of the divine *Hebe*, the Emblem of Youth and Beauty. That excellent and learned Sage you behold in that Furniture, is the ſtrongeſt Inſtance imaginable, that Love is the moſt Powerful of all Things. You are not ſo ignorant as to be a Stranger to the Character of *Æſculapius*, as the Patron and moſt ſucceſsful of all who profeſs the Art of Medicine. But as moſt of his Operations are owing to a natural Sagacity or Impulſe, he has very little troubled himſelf with the Doctrine of Drugs; but has always given Nature more Room to help her ſelf, than any of her learned Aſſiſtants; and conſequently has done greater Wonders than is in the Power of Art to perform: For which Reaſon, he is half deify'd by the People; and has ever been juſtly courted by all the World, as if he were a Seventh Son. It happen'd, that the charming *Hebe* was reduc'd, by a long and violent Fever, to the moſt extreme Danger of Death; and when all Skill fail'd, they ſent for *Æſculapius*. The renowned Artiſt was touch'd with the deepeſt Compaſſion to ſee the faded Charms and faint Bloom of *Hebe*; and had a generous Concern in beholding a Struggle, not between Life, but rather between Youth, and Death. All his Skill and his Paſſion tended to the Recovery of *Hebe*, beautiful ev'n in Sickneſs: But, alas! the unhappy Phyſician knew not, that in all his Care he was only ſharpening Darts for his own Deſtruction. In a Word, his Fortune was the ſame with that of the Statuary, who fell in Love with the Image of his own making; and the unfortunate *Æſculapius* is become the Patient of her whom he lately recover'd. Long before this Diſaſter, *Æſculapius* was far gone in the unneceſſary and ſuperfluous Amuſements of old Age, in increaſing unweildy Stores, and providing, in the midſt of an Incapacity of Enjoyment of what he had, for a Supply of more Wants than he had Calls for in Youth it ſelf. But theſe low Conſiderations are now no more, and Love has taken Place of Avarice, or rather is become an Avarice of another Kind, which ſtill urges him to purſue what he does not want. But behold the Metamorphoſis; The anxious mean Cares of an Uſurer are turn'd into the Languiſhments and Complaints of a Lover. Behold, ſays the aged *Æſculapius*, I ſubmit, I own, great Love, thy Empire: Pity, *Hebe*, the Fop you have made: What have I to do with Gilding but on Pills? Yet, O Fair! For thee I ſit amidſt a Crowd of painted Deities on my Chariot, button'd in Gold, claſp'd in Gold, without having any Value for that belov'd Metal, but as it adorns the Perſon, and laces the Hat of thy dying Lover. I ask not to live, O *Hebe!* Give me but gentle Death: *Euthanaſia*, *Euthanaſia*, that is all I implore. When *Æſculapius* had finiſh'd his Complaint, *Pacolet* went on in deep Morals on the Incertainty of Riches, with this remarkable Exclamation; O Wealth! How impotent art thou? And how little doſt thou ſupply us with real Happineſs, when the Uſurer himſelf can forget thee for the Love of what is as foreign to his Felicity as thou art?

Will's Coffee-houſe, July 19.

The Company here, who have all a delicate Taſt of Theatrical Repreſentations, had made a Gathering to purchaſe the Moveables of the neighbouring Play-houſe, for the Encouragement of one which is ſetting up in the *Hay-Market*. But the Proceedings at the Auction (by which Method the Goods have been ſold this Evening) have been ſo unfair, that the generous Deſign has been fruſtrated; for the *Imperial Mantle made for Cyrus* was miſſing, as alſo the *Chariot and Two Dragons*: But upon Examination it was found, that a Gentleman of *Hampſhire* had clandeſtinely bought them both, and is gone down to his Country Seat; and that on *Saturday* laſt he paſs'd through *Staines* attir'd in that Robe, and drawn by the ſaid *Dragons*, aſſiſted by Two only of his own Horſes. This Theatrical Traveller has alſo left Orders with Mr. *Hall* to ſend the faded Rainbow to the Scowrers, and when it comes home, to diſpatch it after him. At the ſame Time *C—— R—* Eſq; is invited to bring down himſelf his *Setting Sun*, and be Box-keeper to a Theatre erected by this Gentleman near *Southampton*. Thus there has been nothing but Artifice in the Management of this Affair; for which Reaſon I beg Pardon of the Town, that I inſerted the Inventory in my Paper, and ſolemnly proteſt, I knew nothing of this artful Deſign of vending theſe Rarities: But I meant only the Good of the

World

World in that and other Things which I divulg'd. And now I am upon this Subject, I muſt do my ſelf Juſtice in Relation to an Article in a former Paper, wherein I made Mention of a Perſon who keeps a Puppet-Show in the Town of *Bath*; I was tender of naming Names, and only juſt hinted, that he makes larger Promiſes, when he invites People to his Dramatick Repreſentations, than he is able to perform: But I am credibly inform'd, that he makes a prophane lewd Jeſter, which he calls *Punch*, ſpeak to the Diſhonour of *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* with great Familiarity; and before all my learned Friends in that Place, takes upon him to diſpute my Title to the Appellation of *Eſquire*. I think I need not ſay much to convince all the World, that this Mr. *Powell* (for that is his Name) is a pragmatical and vain Perſon to pretend to argue with me on any Subject. *Mecum certaſſe feretur*; that is to ſay, It will be an Honour to him to have it ſaid he contended with me; but I would have him to know, that I can look beyond his Wires, and know very well the whole Trick of his Art, and that it is only by theſe Wires that the Eye of the Spectator is cheated, and hinder'd from ſeeing that there is a Thread on one of *Punch*'s Chops, which draws it up, and lets it fall at the Diſcretion of the ſaid *Powell*, who ſtands behind and plays him, and makes him ſpeak ſawcily of his Betters. He! To pretend to make Prologues againſt me! But a Man never behaves himſelf with Decency in his own Caſe; therefore I ſhall command my ſelf, and never trouble my ſelf further with this little Fellow, who is himſelf but a tall Puppet, and has not Brains enough to make even Wood ſpeak as it ought to do: And I, that have heard the Groaning Board, can deſpiſe all that his Puppets ſhall be able to ſpeak as long as they live. But, *Ex quovis Ligno non fit Mercurius.* He has pretended to write to me alſo from the *Bath*, and ſays, He thought to have defer'd giving me an Anſwer till he came *to his Books*; but that my Writings might do well with the Waters: Which are pert Expreſſions that become a School-boy better than one that is to teach others: And when I have ſaid a civil Thing to him, he cries, *Oh! I thank you for that--- I am your humble Servant for that.* Ah! Mr. *Powel*, theſe ſmart Civilities will never run down Men of Learning: I know well enough your Deſign is to have all Men *Automata*, like your Puppets; but the World is grown too wiſe, and can look through theſe thin Devices. I know you deſign to make a Reply to this; but be ſure you ſtick cloſe to my Words; for if you bring me into Diſcourſes concerning the Government of your Puppets, I muſt tell you, *I neither am, nor have been, nor will be, at Leiſure to anſwer you.* It is really a burning Shame this Man ſhould be tolerated in abuſing the World with ſuch Repreſentations of Things: But his Parts decay, and he is not much more alive than *Partridge.*

From my own Apartment, July 14.

I muſt beg Pardon of my Readers that for this Time I have, I fear, huddled up my Diſcourſe, having been very buſie in helping an old Freind of mine out of Town. He has a very good Eſtate, is a Man of Wit; but he had been three Years abſent from Town, and can't bear a Jeſt; for which Reaſon I have, with ſome Pains, convinc'd him, that he can no more live here than if he were a downright Bankrupt. He was ſo fond of dear *London*, that he began to fret only inwardly; but being unable to laugh and be laugh'd at, I took a Place in the Northern Coach for him and his Family; and hope he is got to Night ſafe from all Sneerers in his own Parlour.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, July 20.

This Morning we receiv'd by Expreſs the agreeable News of the Surrender of the Town of *Tournay* on the 28th Inſtant, *N. S.* The Place was aſſaulted at the Attacks of General *Schuylemburg*, and that of General *Lottum*, at the ſame Time. The Action at both thoſe Parts of the Town was very obſtinate, and the Allies loſt a conſiderable Number at the Beginning of the Diſpute; but the Fight was continued with ſo great Bravery, that the Enemy obſerving that we were Maſters of all the Poſts which were neceſſary for a general Attack, beat the *Chamade*, and Hoſtages were receiv'd from the Town, and others ſent from the Beſiegers, in order to come to a formal Capitulation for the Surrender of the Place. They write alſo from the *Low-Countries*, That Monſieur *Torci* and Monſieur *Rouille* are in private Characters at *Valenciennes*, with full Inſtructions to offer the late Articles of Treaty for Peace after the taking this Town, before the Enemy are neceſſitated to come to a general Engagement. We have alſo this Day receiv'd Advice, That Sir *John Leak*, who lies off of *Dunkirk*, had intercepted ſeveral Ships laden with Corn from the *Baltick*; and that the *Dutch* Privateers had fallen in with others, and carried them into *Holland*. The *French* Letters adviſe, That the Court of *Rome* had acknowledg'd the King of *Spain*; and that the young Son to the Duke of *Anjou* liv'd but Eight Days.

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